By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

CHAPTER VIII.

A month after the first performance of "Elvira" Kendal returned to town on a frosty December afternoon from the Surrey lodgings, on which he had now established a permanent hold. He mounted to his room, found his letters lying ready for him, and on the top of them a telegram, which, as his man servant informed him, had arrived about an hour before. He took it up carelessly. opened it and bent over it with a start of anxiety. It was from his brother-in-law. "Marie is very ill. Do tors much alarmed. Can you come to-night?" He put it down in stupefaction. Marie ill! The doctors alarmed! Good heavens! could be catch that evening train? He looked at his watch, decided that there was time, and plunged, with his servant's help, into all the necessary preparations. An hour and a half later he was speeding along through the clear, cool moonlight huskily and brokenly, laying his face to bers to Dover, realizing for the first time, as he leaned back alone in his compartment, the full meaning of the news which had hurried him is so likely to love and marry. Probably off. All his tender affection for his sister, and all his stifling sense of something unlucky and untoward in his own life, which had been so strong in him during the past two has such a quick, eager nature. months, combined to rouse in him the blackest fears, the most hopeless despondency. Marie dead-what would the world hold for him! Books, thought, ideas - were they enough? Could a man live by them if all else were gone? For the first time Kendal felt a doubt which seemed to shake his nature to its

During the journey his thoughts dwelt in a dull, sore way upon the past. He saw Marie in her childhood, in her youth, in her rich maturity. He remembered her in the school room, spending all her spare time over contrivances of one kind or another for his amusement. He had a vision of her going out with their mother on the night of her men-are so often over-timid when courage first ball and pitying him for being left behind. He saw her tender face bending over the deathbed of their father, and through a hundred incidents and memories-all beautiful, all intertwined with that lovely self forgetfulness which was characteristic of her, his mind traveled down to an evening scarcely more stood a frail, warm barrier between pure flame of love, undimmed by any thought him and the full bitterness of a great renun-Oh, this victory of the spirit over the flesh, ciation. Oh, Marie! Marie!

It was still dark when he reached Paris, and the gray winter light was only just dawnbrother-in-law's house in one of the new streets near the Champs Elysees. M. de beart of the spectator! How it makes him stripped himself of his scarf and his great-Chateauvieux was standing on the stairs, his thrill with the apprehension which lies at the coat, he stepped over the threshold into the smoothly shaven, clear cut face drawn and haggard, and a stoop in his broad shoulders which Kendal had never noticed before. Kendal sprung up the steps and wrung his hands. M do Chateauvieux shook his head How it impresses itself upon us as the only almost with a groan, in answer to the broth- miracle which will bear our leaning upon, ing, drew them down and closed the blinds, er's inquiry of eye and lip, and led the way and stand the strain of human questioning! upstairs into the forsaken salon, which looked It was borne in upon Eustace, as he sat as empty and comfortless as though its mis-tress had been gone from it years a stead of through this fragile body and this failing days. Arrived there, the two men standing breath the Eternal Mind was speak opposite to each other in the streak of dull curtain, Paul said, speaking in a whisper, her brokenly, and her sweet eyes smiled back the Champs Elysees. There he had paced up

"There is no hope-the pain is gone, you would think she was better, but the doctors say she will just lie there as she is lying now

Kendal staggered over to a chair and tried to realize what he had heard, but it was impossible, although his journey had seemed to him one long preparation for the worst. "What is it-how did it happen?" he asked. "Internal chill. She was only taken ill the day before yesterday, and the pain was frightful till yesterday afternoon, then it subsided, and I thought she was better-she herself was so ebeerful and so thankful for the relief-but when the two doctors came in ance of the main meant only the worstmeant that nothing more can be done-she

walked up and down with the noiseless step growth within him; of a temper of quiet and cient screen between his own consciousness which even a few hours of sickness develop in the watcher, till he came and stood before "ful whisper, "You must have some food, then I will tell her you are here."

"No, no; I want no food-any time will do for that. Does she expect me?" "Yes; you won't wait? Then come." He led the way across a little ante-room, lifted a to him; he moved at ease within its friendly

curtain and knocked. The nurse came, there familiar limits; and in the world of personal was a little parley, and Paul went in, while relations one heart was safely his, the sym-Eustace waited outside, conscious of the most pathy and trust and tenderness of one human strangely trivial things, of the passers by in soul would never fail him at his need. And the street, of a wrangle between two gamins now this last tender bond was to be broken | tive power of the race? on the pavement opposite, of the misplace with a rough, incredible suddenness. The ment of certain volumes in the book case beside him, till the door opened again and M. de Chateauvieux drew him in He stepped over the threshold, his whole | himself to any flattering vision of the future;

being wrought up to be knew not what and the woman he loved, with that intimate solemn pageant of death and parting, and tenacity of affection which is the poetry of the reality within startled him. The room kinship, was to be taken from him by this -towards other people, towards books, towas flooded with morning light, a frosty De-cruel wastefulness of premature death. Could cember sun was struggling through the fog, any man be more alone than he would be? the curtains had just been drawn back, and And then suddenly a consciousness fell upon among other things, it was now plain to him the wintry radiance rested on the polished him which made him ashamed. In the brass of the bed, on the bright surfaces of neighboring room his ear was caught now with Isabel Bretherton his life had been full, on the little tray of tea things which the of voices. What was his loss, his agony, nurse held, and on his sister's face of greeting compared to theirs? as she lay back smiling among her pillows. There was such a cheerful home peace and found Marie lying as though asleep upon her these had constituted a sort of vast drama brightness in the whole seene-in the crack- husband's arm. It seemed to him that since before his eyes, which he had watched and ling wood fire, in the sparkle of the tea he had left her there had been a change. The studied with an ever living curiosity. But things and the fragrance of the tea, and in face was more drawn, the look of exhaustion his interest in his particular role had been the fresh white surroundings of the invalid; more defined. Paul sat beside her, his eyes | comparatively weak, and in analyzing other it seemed to him incredible that under all riveted upon her. He scarcely seemed to no- individualities he had run some risk of losing this familiar household detail there should tice his brother-in-law's entrance; it was as his own. be lying in wait that last awful experience though he were rapidly losing consciousness. Then love came by, and the half dormant

Marie kissed him, with grateful, affectionate words, spoken almost in her usual voice, pinched with longing. But Marie heard the although a repressed and hidden energy. He and then, as he sat beside her, holding her familiar step. She made a faint movement, had learned in his own person what it means hands, she noticed that he looked pale and with her hand toward him, and he resumed toscrave, to thirst, to want. And now, grief

let bim have my cup, there is some tea left; few words-those sad, sacred words which old placidity of mood, were gone. He had let me see you drink it, dear; it's so pleasant just to look after you once more."

He drank it mechanically, she watching him with her loving eyes, while she took one hand from him and slipped it into that of her husband as he sat beside her on the bed. Her touch seemed to have meaning in it, for Paul rose presently and went to the far end of the large room; the nurse carried away the tea things, and the brother and sister

were practically alone. "Dear Eustace," she began, after a few pathetic moments of silence, in which look lived-bravely, tenderly, simply, and gesture took the place of speech, "I have so longed to see you. It seemed to me in that awful pain that I must die before I could gather my thoughts together once more, before I could get free enough from my own wretched self to say to my two dear ones all I wished to say. But now it is all gone, and Lam so thankful for this moment of peace. I made Dr. De Chevannes tell me the whole truth. Paul and I have always promised one another that there should never be any concealment between us when either of tis came to die, and I think I shall have a few

more hou with you." She was silent a little; the voice had all its usual intonations, but it was low and weak, and it was necessary for her from time to time to gather such strength as might enable her to maintain the calm of her manner. Eustace, in bewildered misery, had hidden his face upon her hands, which were clasped in his, and every now and then she felt the pressure of his lips upon her fingers,

"There are many things I want to say to you," she went on. "I will try to remember them in order. Will you stay with Paul a few days-after! Will you always remember to be good to him! I know you will. My poor Paul-oh! if I had but given you a

The passion of her low cry thrilled Eustace's nourishment, which she swallowed with difheart. He looked up and saw on her face the ficulty. It gave her a momentary strength. expression of the hidden yearning of a life- Kendal heard himself called, and looked up. time. It struck him as something awful and Sne had opened the hand lying on the bed, sacred; he could not answer it except by look and he saw in it a small miniature case, and touch, and presently she went on, after which she moved towards him. "His sister will come to him very likely- her. It is the only memento I can think of. his widowed sister. She has a girl he is fond She has been ill, Eustace; did I tell you! I

of. After a while he will take pleasure in forget. I should have gone—but for this. It

is too much for her-that life. It will break Then I have thought so much of you her down. You can save her and cherish and of the future. So often last night I her-you will. It seems as if I saw you-tothought I saw you and her, and what you ught to do seemed to grow plain to me. Then her eyes fell and she seemed to sleep Dear Eustace, don't let anything I say now -gently wandering now and then, and menever be a burden to you-don't let it fetter

"I would do anything you asked. But she

there is some one-already. How could it

body would be proud to marry her, and she

conviction in the whispered words, "Her

life has been too exciting-too full of one in-

terest. She staid with me; I got to know

And then her innate respect for another's

individuality, her shrinking from what

might prove to be the tyranny of a dying

wish, interposed, and she checked herself.

"No, don't promise; I have no right-no one

has any right. I can only tell you my feel-

ing, my deep sense that there is hope-that

there is nothing against you. Men-good

would be best. Be bold, Eustace; respect

your own love; do not be too proud to show

thin fingers clasped round his. It seemed to

him as if the life still left in her were one

root of all religion-the apprehension of an

That we are greater than we know!

ing, and that in Marie's love the Eter-

gently drawn away by the nurse. Presently

was attending to him. Every fact, every

impression, was misery-these details so un-

like a frowning barrier shutting off the view

and steadying influence. Life, he had per-

woman he loved with passion would never be

his; for not even now, fresh from contact

with his sister's dying hope, could he raise

of existence-words which, in the case of

such natures as Marie de Chateauvieux, rep-

resent the intimate truths and fundamental

ideas of the life that has gone before. There

was nothing to hide, nothing to regret. A

few kindly messages, a few womanly com-

words to her husband, as simple as the rest,

missions, and every now and then a few

but pregnant with the deepest thoughts and

touching the vastest problems of humanity-

this was all. Marie was dying as she had

ideal order-the divine suspicion

"There is no one!" said Marie, with

tioning in her dream names and places which you ever-but it is so strong in me you must made the reality before them more and more let me say it all. She is not in love with you, terrible to the two hushed listeners, so differ-Eustace—at least, I think not. She has ent were the associations they called up. never thought of you in that way; but there Was this white nerveless form, from which is everything there which ought to lead to mind and breath were gently ebbing away, love. You interest her deeply; the thought all that fate had grudgingly left to them, for of you stands to her as the symbol of all she a few more agonized moments, of the brilwants to reach; and then she knows what hant, high bred weman who had been but you have been to all those who trusted you. yesterday the center of an almost European She knows that you are good and true. I network of friendships and interests? Love, want you to try to carry it farther for her loss, death-oh, how unalterable is this essake and yours." He looked up and would sential content of life, embroider it and adorn have spoken, but she put her soft hand over it as we may! his mouth, "Wait one moment. Those Kendal had been startled by her words about her are not the people to make her about Isabel Bretherton. He had not heard happy-at any time if things went wrongof any illness; it could hardly be serious, for

he vaguely remembered that in the newsmercy. Then her position-you know what papers he had tried to read on the journey difficulties it has-it makes my heart ache his eve had caught the familiar advertisesometimes to tank of it. She won my love ment of The Calliope. It must have hapso. I fer like a mother to her. I long to pened while he was in Surrey. He vaguely have her here now, but I would not let speculated about it now and then as he sat Paul send; and if I could think of her safe watching through the afternoon. But noth with you-in those true hands of yours. Oh, you will try, darling!" He answered her ing seemed to matter very much to himnothing but Marie and the slow oncoming of

At last when the wintry light was fading, when the lamps were being lit outside, and the bustle of the street seemed to penetrate not be with her beauty and her fame? Any- in little intermittent waves of sound into the deep quiet of the room, Marie raised herself and, with a fluttering sigh, withdrew her hand softly from her brother, and laid her arm round her husband's neck. He stooped to her-kissed the sweet lips and the face on which the lines of middle age had hardly her to the bottom. She would not have hid- settled-caught a wild alarm from her utter den it. Only say you will make one trial and I should be content." silence, called the nurse and Kendal, and all

CHAPTER IX. The morning of Marie's funeral was sunny but bitterly cold; it was one of those day when autumn finally passes into winter and the last memory of the summer warmth vanishes from the air. It had been the saddest. dreariest laying to rest. The widowed sister. of whom Marie had spoken in her last hours. had been unable to come, and the two men had gone through it all alone, helped only by the tearful, impulsive sympathy and the practical energy of the maid who had been with Eustace still felt the caressing touch of the . Marie ever since her marriage, and was as vet bardly capable of realizing her mistress' It was she who, while they were away, had

of self, undisturbed by any breath of pain. done her best to throw a little air of comfort over the forsaken salon. She had kindled of soul over body, which humanity achieves | the fire, watered the plants and thrown open age, in all those nobler and finer personalities and movement some little relief from her own heartache and oppression. When Paul came salon and it seemed to him as though the sunlight and the open windows and the crackling blaze of the fire dealt him a sudden blow. He walked up to the windows, and shudder-Felicie watching him anxiously from the landing through the half open door. Then he had thrown himself into a chair; and Kendal, coming softly up stairs after him, had gently closed the door from the outside. light made by the hasty withdrawal of a nal Love was taking voice. He said so to slipped noiselessly down again and out into upon him a divine answer of per and faith. and down for an hour or more under the Then she called faintly, "Paul!" The dis- trees, from which a few frosty leaves were still hanging in the December air.

tant figure came back; and she laid her head He himself had been so stunned and beupon her husband's breast, while Eastace was wildered by the loss which had fallen upon he found himself mechanically taking food and mechanically listening to the low voiced out of doors again, he was for a while talk of the kindly, white capped woman who | scarcely able to think consecutively about it. He walked along conscious for some time of nothing but a sort of dumb physical congeniality in the sunshine, in the clear blue expected, so irrevocable, so charged with and white of the sky, in the cheerful distinctterrible meaning, which the nurse was pourness and sharpness of every outline. And ing out upon him-that presence in the neighboring foom of which his every nerve | then, little by little, the cheated grief reaswas conscious-and in front of him, looking | serted itself, the numbed senses woke into painful life, and he fell into broken musings on the past, or into a bitter wonder over the precarious tenure by which men hold those Yesterday, at the same time, he had been walking along the sandy Surrey roads, de- good things whereon, so long as they are still lighting in the last autumn harmonies of their own, they are so quick to rear an edifice color, and conscious of the dawn of a period of optimist philosophy. A week before, his There was a silence. M. de Chateauvieux of rest after a period of conflict, of the sister's affection had been to him the one suffirational resignation to the conditions of life | and the desolate threatening immensities of and of his own individual lot, over the thought and of existence. The screen had fallen, and the darkness seemed to be rushing in upon him. And still, life had to be his sister's existence had exercised a strong lived, work to be got through, duties to be suaded himself, was for him more than tolerfaced. How is it done? he kept vaguely wonable, even without love and marriage. The dering. How is it that men live on to old world of thought was warm and hospitable | age and see bond after bond broken, and possession after possession swept away, and still find the years tolerable and the sun pleasant, still cherish in themselves that inexhaustible faith in an ideal something which supplies from century to century the invincible mo-

Presently-by virtue of long critical and philosophical habit-his mind brought itself to bear more and more steadily upon his own position; he stepped back, as it were, from himself and became his own spectator. The introspective temper was not common with him; his mind was naturally turned outward ward intellectual interests. But self study had had its charm for him of late, and, wood and glass with which the room was and then by an almost imperceptible murmur | mostly that of an onlooker-a bystander. Society, old and new, men and women of the past and of the present, the speculative When he softly returned into the room he achievements of other times and of his own-

of every fact but one; and never had Kendal personality within him had been seized upon seen any countenance so grief stricken, so and roused, little by little, into a glowing, his old position, his head bowed upon the bed. had followed and had pinned him more "Has he had some breakfast, Paul? Ob, And so they sat through the morning, hardly closely than ever to his special little part in moving, interchanging at long intervals a the human spectacle. The old leftiness, the well from the heart in the supreme moments loved, and lost, and despaired. Beside those great experiences how trivial and evanescent seemed all the interest of the life that went before them! He looked back over his intercourse with Isabel Bretherton, and the points upon which it had turned seemed so remote from him, so insignificant, that for the moment he could hardly realize them. The artistic and asthetic questions which had seemed to him so vital six months before had faded almost out of view in the fierce neighborhood of sorrow and passion. His first relation to her had oeen that ! one who knows to one who is ignorant; but that puny link had dropped, and he was going to meet her now, fresh from the presence of death, loving her as a man loves a woman, and claiming from her nothing but pity for his grief, balm for his wound-the answer of human tenderness to human need.

How strange and sad that she should be still in ignorance of his loss and hers! In the early morning after Marie's death, when be woke up from a few heavy hours of sleep, his mind had been full of her. How was the news to be broken to her! He himself did useful to Paul for a while; besides, there be hoped that no newspaper would bring her the news before his letter could reach. However, as the day wore on, Paul came noiselessly out of the quiet room where the white shrouded form seemed still to spread a tender presence round it, and said to Eustace,

with dry, piteous lips: "I have remembered Miss Bretherton; you must go to her to-morrow, after - the funeral. "I can't bear the thought of leaving you," said Kendal, laying a brotherly hand on his

"Let me write today." Paul shook his bead. "She has been ill. Any way, it will be a great shock, but if you go it will be better." Kendal resisted a little more, but it seemed

as if Marie's motherly carefulness over the bright creature who had charmed her had passed into Paul. He was saying what Marie would have said, taking thought as she would have taken it for one she loved, and it was settled as he wished.

When his long pacing in the Champs Elysees was over Kendal went back to find Paul busy with his wife's letters and trinkets, turning them over with a look of shivering forlornness, as though the thought of the uncompanioned lifetime to come were a ready closing upon him like some deadly chill in the air. Beside him lay two miniature cases open; one of them was the case which Eustace received from his sister's hand on the afternoon before her death, and both of them contained identical portraits of Marie in her first brilliant womanhood. "Do you remember them?" Paul said in his

husky voice, pointing them out to him. "They were done when you were at college and she was 23. Your mother had two taken -one for herself and one for your old Aunt Marion. Your mother left me hers when she died, and your aunt's copy of it came back to us last year. Tell Miss Bretherton its history. She will prize it. It is the best picture still." Kendal made a sign of assent and took the

case. Paul rose and stood beside him, mechanically spreading out his hands to the

shall go off to Italy. There are some little places in the south near Naples that she was very fond of. I shall stay about there for a while. As soon as I feel I can, I shall come and her young rounded beauty among the back to the senate and my work. It is the only thing left me-she was so keen about it." His voice sunk into a whisper, and a long | conditions which press upon and imprison silence fell upon them. Women in moments · At last the faintness passed off, and she sat of sorrow have the outlet of tears and caresses; men's great refuge is silence; but the 'up, her hands clasped round her knees, and silence may be charged with sympathy and the tears running fast over her cheeks. Her the comfort of a shared grief. It was so in grief was like herself-frank, simple, ex-

The afternoon light was fading, and Kendal was about to rise and make some necessary preparations for his journey, when Paul | when I was ill. she talked of coming to me! detained him, looking up at him with sunken I have just been writing to her-there is my eyes which seemed to carry in them all the was like a mother to me in Paris. Oh, if I history of the two nights just past. "Will you ever ask her what Marie wished?" The tone was the even and passionless tone of one who for the moment feels none of the ordinary embarrassments of intercourse; Kendal he went on to tell her the story of Marie's met it with the same directness.

Some day I shall ask her, or at least shall let her know; but it will be no use." Paul shook his head, but whether in protest or agreement Kendal could hardly tell. Then he went back to his task of sorting the letters,

Kendal parted from him in the evening true, hours by the memory of the desolate figure after a long pause, looking up to him "How returning slowly into the empty house, and | will he live without her? He will feel himself by a sharp prevision of all the lonely nights | so forsaken! and the uncomforted morrows which lay before the stricken man.

But, as Paris receded further and further sad strange pleasure in making the contrast sharing a common greef with him, of weep-between the one picture and the other as ing at his side. And the contrast between vivid as possible. Death and silence on the her old relation with him and this new solone side-oh, how true and how preparable! com experience rushing in upon her filled her But on the other, he forced on his imagination till it drew for him an image of youth day woke gain in her of the shock between

ton has, we are glad to say, completely re-relation which she had regarded as a mere covered from the effects of the fainting fit intellectual and friendly one, but which had which so much alarmed the audience at the been far more real and important to her than Calliope last week. She was a le to play even such erself had ever guessed, seemed to 'Elvira' as usual last night, and was greeted by a large and sympathetic house" He read it and turned the page hastily, as if what the paragraph suggested was wholly distasteful to him. He refused altogether to think of her as weak or suffering; he shrank from his They had appealed to her on the simplest, own past misgivings, his own prophecies prison he use if her bright beauty were over- own heart overflowed. clouded! She was not made for death, and

of our years, and pain, his instrument and for you He reached London in the midst of a rainy fog. The endless black streets stretched before him in the dreary December morning like so many roads into the nether regions; the gas lamps scattered an unseasonable light | the eager expansiveness of her sympathy. through the rain and fog. It was the quistessence of murky, cheerless winter.

she should stand to him as the image of all

He reached his own rooms, and found his man up and waiting for him, and a meal ready. It was but three days since he had been last there; the open telegram was still lying on the table. One of his first nets was and she stood absolutely motionless, the tears to put it hastily out of sight. Over his break- stall on her cheek. The strange intoxicating fast he planned his embassy to Miss Brether | force of feeling, set in motion by sorrow and ton. The best time to find her alone he imagined, would be about midday, and in love, was sweeping them out into deep the interval he would put his books and papers to rights. They lay scattered about— watched her all the manhood in him rose, books, proofs and manuscript. As his or and from the midst of grief put forward an derly hands went to work upon them, he was imperious conscious that he had never been so remote woman before him. He came forward a from all that they represented. But his national step, took the cold, unresisting hands, and turn was faithful and tenacious, and under bonding before her pressed them to his lips, the outward sense of detachment there was | while he an inward promise of return. "I will come him. back to you," seemed to be the cry of his thought. "You shall be my only friends.

But first I must see her, and all my heart is your love

The morning dragged away, and at half past 11 he went out, carrying the little case her chair . Her thoughts went flying back to with him. As he stood outside the Bays the past-to the stretches of Surrey common, water house, in which he had settled for the to the Numeham woods, and all she had ever winter, he realized that he had never yet been seen or imagined of his feelings toward her. under her roof, never yet seen her at home. She had never, never suspected him of loving lt was his own fault. She had asked him in her. She had sent him her friendly messages her gracious way, on the first night of "Al- from Venice in the simplest good faith; she vira," to come and see her. But instead of had joined in his sister's praises of him withdoing so he had buried himself in his Surrey out a moment's self consciousness. His aplodging, striving to bring the sober and aus proval of her play in "Elvira" had given her tere influences of the country to bear upon the same frank pleasure that a master's good the feverish indecision of his mood. Per- word gives to a pupil-and all the time he haps his disappearance and silence had had loved her-loved her! How strange! wounded her; after all, he knew that he had I how incredi some place in her thoughts.

The servant who opened the door demurred to his request to see Miss Bretherton. "The wildered doctor says, sir, that at home she must keep bold butter fear and certainty began to assert quiet; she has not seen any visitors just rimeli lately." But Kendal persisted, and his card | which he was taken in, while he waited the result. The "I have startled you-shocked you," he servant hurried along the ground floor pas- cried. sage, knocked at the door at the further end, such a th went in for a moment, and came out becken- | -your ing to him. He obeyed with a beating teart, loved you and she threw open the door for him. Inside stood Isabel Bretherton, with eager I look has surprise and pleasure in her whole attitude.

She had just risen from her chair, and was coming forward; a soft white cashmere shawl hung around her; her dress, of some seemed dark, rich stuff, fell with the flowing, stately that I lines peculiar to it; her face was slightly rather I's flushed, and the brilliancy of her color, of - did forget ber hair, of her white, outstretched hand, man one not feel that he could leave his brother-in- seemed to Kendal to take all the chill and in July l law. There was a strong regard and sym- gloom out of the winter air. She held some all the sammer when I was buried in the pathy between them; and his presence in the proof sheets of a new play in her hand, and country house of mourning would undoubtedly be the rest lay piled beside her on a little talde you. "How kind of you, Mr. Kendal," she said It was base of me-but all the time while I were Marie's words, "Will you stay with him advancing with her quick, impulsive step was a few days-after?' which were binding on towards him. "I thought you had for other him. He must write, then; but it was only to us, and I have been wanting your advice so badly! I have just been complaining of you and that a ne cruel force was carrying you a little in a letter to Mme, de Chatenuvieur! away from me.

> Then she suddenly stopped, checked and startled by his face. He was always color- great less and thin, but the two nights be had just passed through had given him an expression of baggard expansion. His black eyes seemed to have lost the keenness which was seemed to have lost the keenness which was just breathed so remarkable in them, and his prematurely and newest moved questioning.
>
> The word was just breathed spite of the lightness and pliancy of the fig. through her parted lips.

He came forward and took her hand pervously and closely in his own. have come to bring you sad news," he said, gently, and seeking anxiously word by switably be word how he might s could not be softened.

sent me to you at once, that you should not I felt it impossible you should stoop from hear in any other way. But it must be a your height to love me, to yield your bright shock to you for you loved her."

self to me, to give me heart for heart. So I went away that I might not trouble you. ing in short, gasping words, and answering And then"-his voice sunk lower still-"came not so much his words as his look. "She is the summons to Paris, and Marie on her ill-she is in danger-something has hap-"I was summoned on Wednesday," said Kendal, helpless, after all, in the grip of the

truth, which would not be managed or controlled. "When I got there she had been two days ill, and there was no hope." He paused; her eyes of agonized question-ing implored him to go on. "I was with her loss drew them together. Her respect, her six hours-after I came she had no pain-it was quite peaceful, and-she died in the even-

She had been watching him open eyed, every vestige of color fading from cheek and lip; when he stopped, she gave a little cry. He let go her hand, and she sunk into a chair near, so white and breathless that he was "Shall I get you water?" he asked after a moment or two, bending over her. "No," she whispered with difficulty; "let

me alone-just for a minute." He left her side and stood leaning against the mantelpiece, waiting anxiously. She struggled against the physical oppression which had seized upon her, and fought it down bravely. But he noticed with a pang, now that the flush was gone, that she looked fragile and worn, and, as his thought went back for a moment to the Surrey Sunday spring green, he could have cried out in useless rebellion against the unyielding physical the flame of life.

"Will you tell me more about it? Oh. I cannot believe it! Why, only last week, letter. 1 feel as if I could not bear it; she

could have seen her!" "You were one of her chief thoughts at the last," said Kendal, much moved. And dying hours, describing that gentle with-I drawal from life with a manly tenderness of feeling and a quick memory for all that could soften the impression of it to the listener. And then he brought out the miniature and gave it to her, and she accepted it -three grave and tender angels of benedicand let the matter drop. It seemed as if he with a fresh burst of sorrow, putting it to tion-kept watch and ward without. were scarcely capable of taking an interest in it for its own sake, but simply as a wish, a with an absolute spontaneity and self abandonment, which was lovely because it was so

"Yes," said Kendal huskily, "he will be very lovely, but-one must learn to bear it." She gazed at him with quick, startled symbehind him, and the sea drew nearer, and the pathy, and all her womanly nature seemed shores of the country which held Isabel to rise into her upturned face and yearning Bretherton, it was but natural that even the eyes. It was as though her attention had grip upon him of this terrible and startling | been specially recalled to him; as though his calamity should relax a little, and that he particular loss and sorrow were brusquely should realize himself as a man seeking the brought home to her. And then she was addred woman, his veins still beating with struck by the strangeness and unexpectedthe currents of youth and the great unguessed ness of such a meeting between them. He future still before him. He had left Marie in had been to her a judge, an authority, an the grave, and his life would bear the scar of embodied standard. His high mindedness that loss forever. But Isabel Bretherton was had won her confidence; his affection for his still among the living, the warm, the beauti- sister had touched and charmed her. But ful, and every mile brought him nearer to she had never been conscious of any intimacy the electric joy of her presence. He took a with him. Still less had she ever dreamed of wath emition. The memory of the Nunchain and beauty so glowing that it almost charmed | ber nature and his, of her overwhelming

the sting out of his grief. The English sense of the intellectual difference between paper which he succeeded in getting at Calais them, and then of the thrill which his vercontained the announcement: "Miss Brether dict upon "Elvifa" had stirred in her. The have transformed itself since he had entered into something close and personal. words had called up in her a sharp pression of the man's inmost nature as it eath the polished scholarly surface. est human ground; she felt them imas a call from aim to her, and her She rose, and went near to him, bending towards him like a spirit of healing, her

that escapes and resists and defies that tyrant whole soul in her eyes, "Oh, I am so sorry she exclaimed, and again the quick pped. "I know it is no common 1. You were so much more to each in brother and sister often are. It is His whole man was stirred by her pity, by

"Say it again!" he murmured, as their eyes met; "say it again! It is so sweet-from There was a long pause: she stood as if is advisable. For Catalogue and informa-ascinated, her hands falling slowly beside tion acdress or call on

her. Her gaze wavered till the eyelids fell the unsuspected influence of his s claim to the beloved and beautiful bewildered eyes looked down upon pity is heavenly," he said, brokenly,

me more, give me more! I want She gave a little start and cry, and, drawing away her hands from him, sink back on

Kendal followed, bent over her, listened, but no word came. She was, indeed, too beand overwhelmed to speak. The ust the overmastering impulse

t It was your pity overcame me eet womanly kindness, I have Coleman College, 707 to 713 Broad St. I think, ever since that first eventoe 'White Lady,' At least, when upon my feeling. I see that it was country. Course of study combines theory with love from the beginning. After that day at practice by a system of business transactions ledge it; I fought against it. It Gratuates assisted to situations. that you would never forget mailed on a p leation. been harsh, that I had behaved in enemy than a friend. But you you showed me how noble a woand every day after we parted val you more. I thought of you y days and nights were full of when your great success camesyndian, my congratulations to you sister at Venice, I was really feeling that there was no more hope for me,

Then came 'Elvira'-and I you up forever." s dropped from her face, and her eyes were fixed upon him with that intent look be remembered long ago when she had asked him for the "truth" about bereif and ber position. But there ras no pain in it now; nothing but wonder

Kendal be ard it with a start-the little gound loosed his speech and made him elocause I thought you must inalsorbed, swallowed up by the before you; because my ray and dull beside yours. Same of Same

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self to me, to give me heart for heart. So I deatabed tried to make me hope. And just now your pity drew the heart out of my lips. Let me hear you forgive me."

Every word had reached its mark. She had realized at last something of the depth, the tenncity, the rich, illimitable promise of the passion which she had roused. The tenderness of Marie seemed to encompass them, reverence, her interest had been yielded long ago; did this troubled yearning within mean something more, something infinitely greater! She raised herself suddenly, and, as he



his cheek, and a tear dropped on to his hands,

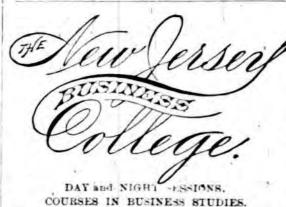
never dreamed of it. I never thought of any-I could not bear it." Kendal bowed his head upon the hands kendal bowed his head upon the hands nestling in his, and it seemed to him as if life 25 pes All Wool Ingrain Carpet, reg, price 75c per yd, reduced to 50c per to 50 and time were suspended, as if he and she were standing within the "wind warm space" of love, while weath and sorrow and parting



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